THE PERSON IN THE PERSON

On the soft moss at the foot of an old oak there pestled one springtime a little blue violet. The great tree spread out its branches like a protecting roof, and the tender green leaves, which were just beginning to put forth, shielded the little plant from suo and rain. When the soft, warm air blew through the forest and the lark and other birds were making the woods ring with their songs, the violet awoke from her long winter rest, and opening her blue eyes, wondered how long she had slept. But she thought it must have been a very short time; for the trees looked just the same, except that the leaves tooked smaller and of a lighter green; but the sun shone just as warm, and the sky looked just as blue. Then she spied in the rough bark of the tree a small worm almost encased in a brown shell. The worm greeted the violet, and the two became firm friends, talking all

worm said: "I dreamed that this ugly brown shell had fallen off, that I had gay-colored wings and could fly through the air over the tops of trees and through the blooming meadows Oh, that it might be true; for I am so tired of living in this small place; and before you

awoke, I was very lonesome here."

"I, too, have had a dream," said the violet; "it seemed that one night the wind blew very cold, and soon I was hidden under a cover of snow. I could see hundreds of my little sisters, and they, as I, were all trembling with cold. Then it grew very dark, and for a long time we could see neither the sun nor the bright blue sky. We were so frightened that we dared not even speak; and so we remained quiet and still. I was beginning to think that I must al-

from the garden toward the forest. He then recalled how false he had been to the little violet, and thought how she had watched in vain for his coming. He wondered if she would forgive him, or if she would turn away as the other flowers had done. He remembered how gladly she had welcomed him every evening, and with what interest she had listened to the story of his travels. He hastened with all speed, and when he reached the forest he found the grass just as green as when he had gone away that bright morning. But the flowers bent their heads, and the bluebells, instead of ringing merrily, as was their custom, were tolling soft and low, while the bluets seemed to whis-

per, "Your violet is dead."
Full of anxiety, the butterfly hurried to his old home; but the violet had bowed her head and died from grief for her lost playmate. All night, in deep distress, the but-terfly hovered over the dead flower, and during the long summer he might have been seen wandering sad and louely over the fields. When the cold winds and frosts came he died under the old oak tree near the grave of the little blue violet. PAYSIE.

THE FICKLE FOUR HUNDRED. Contrast in Their Treatment of Mrs. Cleveland and the Duchess.

New York World.] The four hundred went into ecstacies over the Duchess of Marlborough. Every proud lady was at her knee, every gallant beau bowed in reverential awe. Now that the Duchess is gone all this seems particularly funny in view of the timid and hesitating way in which society people received Mrs. Cleveland a year or so ago when she first came to New York, and the half-hearted ways stay in this dark place; and as I could fashion in which they have entertained her. no longer see any of my sisters, I thought It can scarcely have escaped the memory

which gave her a social position she had not

THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE.

Away Back in 1505 the First Attempt Was

Made-Early Editions.

translation of any portion of the Bible was

The earliest attempt to make an English

penitential Psalms were made. In 1526

William Tyndale's translation of the New Testament appeared, but the edition was bought up and burned. In 1530 Tyndale

published his translation of the Pentateuch,

and a year later the book of Jonah. The

published by Miles Coverdale in 1535, and

next English edition, known as Matthew's

Bible, appeared. In 1539 Cranmer's Bible (so called be

cause he wrote a preface to it), made its ap-pearance. Richard Taverner published an

edition in the same year. The "Geneva Bible" (so called because the translation

was made in Geneva, by several English

divines), came from the press in 1557. This

was the first edition divided into verses and

printed in Roman letters. It was the subject

of much playful criticism by reason of the last word in the translation of Gen. iii,

"Then the eyes of them both were opened

and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig tree leaves together, and made

themselves breeches." It was sometimes called "The Breeches Bible."

The "Bishop's Bible" was published in

London in 1568. From 1607 to 1610 a num-

ber of the most eminent divines of England

were engaged in still another translation which resulted in what has ever since beer

known as "King James' Bible," and which

PUPPIES AND SPONGE

he put them in the kitchen to sleep. An

About 2 o'clock in the morning the father

The voracious little beasts had devoured

of chapter one

from the hand.

continues to be the standard version.

dedicated to Henry VIII. In 1537 the

tion than they are.



FATE OF THE GORGEOUS ADMIRAL.

they had left me to die alone. But I was straid to cry out. Finally I saw a bright light, and the flower queen in her new bright robes stood beside me, "What, are my little violets still sleeping?" she asked. "Wake up, wake up; see how bright the sun is shining, and hear how the birds are singing." When I opened my eves, here I was on the same soft moss and under the kind old tree. But I hope I shall never shind old tree. But I hope I shall never

kind old tree. But I hope I shall never again have such an unpleasant dream."

As the violet ceased speaking it began to grow dark, and, atter bidding her friend could do Mrs. Cleveland was to recommend good-night, she fell asleep and did not waken till the morning sun shone through diverting spectacle of the women who the branches. Many other forest flowers | pulled Mrs. Cleveland's costumes to pieces had by this time ventured out of their home under the earth, and the anemones and bluets were now holding a reception under the oak tree. The violet looked on with description of the society permits its votaries to should be and who accorded her the most grudging solution clamoring in chorus for her and shouting as loudly as politic to should be accorded to the most grudging solution of the society permits its votaries to should be a society permits its votaries. the oak tree. The violet looked on with de-light, and gave the newcomers a cordial that she must be placed on a golden welcome. Then she saw on the grass not far throne and be a 'regular royal queen,' away a flower much larger and handsomer than the others; its blue and yellow leaves and that the most fashionable and distinguished woman of the town and the Duchess of Marlborough and similar celebrities from seemed sprinkled with the finest gold dust, which glittered and shone in the sunlight. abroad must follow in her train and must, if The strange flower began to move, and possible, come in quietly with rubber shoes coming to the violet, said:

"Do you not know me, my little friend?"

The voice certainly had a very familiar
The voice certainly had a very familiar
mittee's supper table at the New Year's
mittee's supper table at the New Year's sound, but the violet was sure she had never before seen the beautiful flower. Shaking her head she replied:

"You are very handsome and I am proud "You are very handsome and I am proud to be called your friend; but I do not remember you and think I have never seen a flower like you."

held before in New York, the advocates for Mrs. Cleveland's leadership and precedence would be now in a much more absurd posiflower like you." "I am no flower," said the stranger; "see,

there lies my empty shell, and they call me a butterfly. My hopes at last have been realized, and with these beautiful wings I can fly through the field and for-

"I am glad to see you so happy," said the violet; "but I shall be very lonely when | in 1505, when a translation of the seven

"Oh, I am not going to leave you, my dear friend," said the butterfly; "you shall always be my playmate and companion. I shall fly through the woods during the day, and in the evening shall tell you about my

The days now passed very happily for the two friends. Every morning the butterfly would take leave of the violet, and then begin his journey through the surrounding When he returned he would tell of the wonders he had seen; of the gold fish in the lake; of the reeds along the shore; and of the birds' nests with their many colored eggs. When the night came, and the beams fell through the trees and the fire flies were flitting to and fro, the violet would talk of the flower queen and the fairy island until she fell asleep.

One day on the shore of the lake the butterfly met another butterfly dressed in red uniform who called himself an admiral, and told of a white marble palace which stood on the other side of the hill, sur rounded by a large garden, in which lived Nothing at all like these common wild

When the butterfly had told the violet of his meeting with the admiral, it was decided that he should spend the next day in the garden, and in the evening relate its beauties to his little friend.

Early the next morning he flew over the hill, and there saw the marble palace with its golden roof and the beautiful garden. Hundreds and hundreds of the rarest tree and choicest flowers filled the air with their fragrance. The butterfly was astonished at sight of so much beauty, and entering a garden lighted on a rose tree, where he again met his friend the admiral, who greeted him in a most friendly way and went with him through the garden, introducing him to the flowers. Everyone had a pleasant word for the stranger, even the haughty tulips gave him a friendly nod. They listened with in-terest to his account of his woodland home; but laughed so scornfully when he told of his playmate the violet, that he became ashamed of his little friend and declared he

hour or two after that, the cook, intent upon giving the family hot rolls for breakfast the next morning, had set her "sponge" to rise, that is to say, she had mixed the flour, yeast and whatever else is necessary, and put the pan containing the mixture in a warm corner by the range. That is the end of chapter one. would never again go back to the forest.

Day after day he lived in the beautiful About 2 o'clock in the morning the father of the family was awakened by strange cries and repeated thumps of some kind, all coming, apparently, from the kitchen. Of course he went down to investigate, and when he had lighted the gas he saw the two pupples bobbing against the ceiling just like toy balloous that have been released from the hand. garden, breathing the rich fragrance of the flowers without noticing that the bright color was fading from his wings. But the flowers observed how dull and gray their friend was becoming, and no longer took any interest in him. They began to treat him very coldly, and some would not even speak to him, but turned away their heads when he came near.

the cook's "sponge," and the "rising" pro-cess had gone on in their stomachs and turned them into great, distended bags of One day a cruel boy came into the garden, and, catching the admiral, ran a pin through his body. In his fright the butterfly flew gas.

AMONG THE BOOKS

Peeps Into the Great Reading Rooms at the British Museum.

FORMALITIES TO BE OBSERVED.

Pen Pictures of Typical Frequenters of the

Mammoth Storehouse. -THE GOOD THAT IS ACCOMPLISHED

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. "Books," says the G. O. M., that grand old master of words whose burden of fourscore years seems but to have fired him with new and living eloquence-whether in the splendor of his recent great oration in the House of Commons, his last criticism on Homer, his essay on the construction of a library, or his "Defense of Revealed Religion"-"books are the voices of the dead, the main channel of our communication with the vast human procession of thought toward another world." "The true university of our days," s ays another master, the stern old sage of Chelsea, "is a collection of

books," And, as far as mere numbers go, the collection in Bloomsbury in the reading room of the British Museum is probably without a rival in the world. It is indeed no small thing for a man to sit down in the presence of a million of books, all waiting to be opened and read, and have to make a choice as to where he shall begin, and what mighty voice out of the silent past he shall summon to hold converse with in this age of universal knowledge, when the difficulty is not to find an author on any given subject, human or divine, but to meet with a man who hasn't written at least one book and cannot talk of a thousand others of which he has written none and has seen but a few. But at last the student makes up his mind, he will dip into the wise and witty pages of Sidney Smith or the dreary ones of Herbert Spencer on the "Homogeneity of the Acephalous Atom," whichever his choice be.

HOW TO GET BOOKS. There is only one way of getting what he wants, and that is simple and easy enough. First, taking a blank tieket from the rack, he must go to the catalogue, seize that one out of the 30 volumes which contains his book, fill up the ticket with its exact title, size, edition, date, birthplace and number on the library shelf, adding his own name and the number of the seat he has taken day of the month and year. The ticket so filled up he places in a basket at the central desk; thence it passes on to an attendant who hunts up the desired volume and brings it to the expectant reader, who, when his toils are over, takes back his books to the head center and receives for them the cancelled

Meanwhile-before his books arrive-the student may take any light refreshment he pleases from any of the lower shelves of the creat dome, which are filled with such suclent and choice dainties as dictionaries encyclopedias, parliamentary papers, topographies, geographies, indexes, maps and charts; in all languages, living and dead; to the modest amount of some thousand vol-umes, on any of which he may quietly teast without a ticket. But, if not inclined for any such preliminary tonic, he can look about him and take a survey of the quiet host of readers. There are some 600 or 700 of them, if one may rightly guess from a casual glance, of all ages, between 20 years and tourscore, and of almost as wide a range s to rank and condition and personal ap-

TWO SPECIMEN READERS.

Look, for example, on that little withered look, for example, on that little withered old man, in a gray, dingy, old dressing gown, who sits at the end of the row!

Summer or winter, rain or shine, he is here every day, and all day; in the same corner, with the same one book before him—gossiping old Bishop "Burnett's History of His most brilliant stalactites depended, while from the floor arose a number of huge of a death, a murder, shipwreck, etc., either Own Time." When he is not dozing chair, or mopping his bald head with that scrap of faded, yellow bandana silk hand-kerchief, and he is feebly glancing at the printed page, and trying to look alive, as he has been doing for the last 20 years. The museum library is his club, without entrance fee, or subscription, where for so many hours out of each day he can find shelter, warmth and a comfortable armchair. He is harmless and nobody molests him; not even his next-door neighbor, a stout, florid, well-to-do personage robed in sable garments of strictly ecclesiastical cut, knee breeches and gaiters. His clerical hat is beside him on the desk; he is calm, digni-fied and conscious of his own importance perhaps, also, of his own inability to write a sermon suddenly demanded on an occasion when his very best will be needed-before the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs on Sunday next, for the great schools of St. Agatha,

At all events-able or important-he thinks it well to consult some of the most famous preachers of the day and see how they deal with things in these terrible days of scientific inquiry. If he can prevent it, he has determined that Moses shall not be abolished, and here, under the great dome, are a score, or 100, or 500 mighty orators and divines, from St. Augustine down to Mr. Charles Spurgeon, all ready to help him. He is taking a goodly sheaf of notes.

TWO OF THE LADY READERS. A country cousin, who, under the guid-ance of an official, has just now strayed into the domains of learning, takes the portly scribe for His Grace the Archbishop, and looks on him with silent awe. Only for moment, however, for his eyes gladly travel on, as our own also do, to a smiling maiden of many summers, who, in spite of advanc-ing years and disappointed hopes, still keeps up an appearance of skittish youthfulness and is now intent on her next con-tribution to that famous journal, The Young Christian Woman's Budget. She looks askance at our Archi-Episcopal friend, but still more disapprovingly on the young lady seated at a desk over the way who is said to be—though I don't vouch for it—the reporter for Jenny's Own Journal and the author of "Jack and Jill, or the Rights of the British Female." Each of these two sister laborers in the vineyard knows what the other is about, and what the one tries to build up the other rejoices to pull down. When the clock strikes 6 P. M. they will greet each other with a sugary, but bitter, smile of recognition as they pack up their MSS. for the night and rejoice over the

labors of another day.

But, in addition to these and a score of other amusing types of readers under the the great dome who might easily be cited and made to speak for themselves, it must not be forgotten even for a moment that to this quiet and noble domain of learning there comes every day a band of

BRAVE AND EARNEST STUDENTS of high intellect and trained skill; worthy The Young Canines After a Feast Became
Inflated Like Balloons.

Philadeiphia Times.]

A boy had been presented with two lovely little puppies, and, as the night was cold, he put them in the kitchen to like a like of the famous library and of the treasures which it contains. Men and women they are of rare and undoubted accomplishments — poets, painters, philosophers, scholars, novelists, dramatists, orators, divines, drinking in fresh inspiration and new life, sweetness and light from the fourthead of the famous library and of the treasures which it contains. life, sweetness and light, from the foun-tains of past ages—from the voices of many lands and the living words of many men, who, though dead, yet speak, and will be heard white time lasts. It is these who give a dignity and add a luster to the whole place, and to the assembled crowd of students a name of which some are not worthy; knowing not what a book is, or how it should be used.

And thus it comes to pass that, in spite

of much that is but trivial and idle turning of pages under the mighty dome, some amount of trumpery book-making, not a little of idle whispering (in the face of pretended silence), and silly gossip about books and bookmakers, grand and noble work of real progress, research and light is there done every day between dawn and sunset, of which men may gather goodly fruit far and wide among the nations.

THE WAY TO BEAD.

year by year go up to the museum to read, emerge from it any the wiser or better for their visit, is a question which I as one of that great host will not undertake to answer. "Sir," says the great Mr. Bounderby, who revels in literary statistics, "Sir, the Bloomsbury Library is a boon to mankind kind, and any man who pleases may now in this enlightened age, by working steadily on for 20 years, make himself master of 2,-VIEWS OF WELL-KNOWN STUDENTS. 000 volumes as easily as I put on a pair

Perhaps so, Mr. B.; but the perhaps is a big one. For, as wise and witty Oliver Wendell Holmes saith: "To be homo unius libri-a perfect master of one book, goodly and ripe, is after all enough for human nature and the span of life. And many a man is there, moreover, who cannot contain more than one, and dies of a surfeit if he swallows more."

Let a man stick to one book, if he will,

and as long as he will; but in that case he must beware of Mr. Toot's example, and not study his chosen volume upside down.

B. G. JOHNS.

READING THE FUTURE.

The Prophets Are Not All Dead and Spook Not All Imagination.

The Marquisedi Lanzi, writing of the gift of second sight and presentiments, says: People who have presentiments events to come actually exist. They are usually very nervous and susceptible to any strong influence. It would seem almost as if the finer quality of their temperament rendered them capable of receiving impressions of preordained occurrences. Some strange intallible intuition certainly pos sesses them at times. I once knew a lady who could invariably tell precisely when a certain person would call, when an import-ant letter would arrive, and when the death of a friend or relative would take place. I often talked with her on the subject, She said these occurrences were not in any way coutrolled by her will or even her inclination. She was as much astonished as any one when she predicted with certainty events that subsequently happened. She simply knew they would occur. That was all. And they never failed to come about

exactly as she said they would.

The most wonderful thing that ever hap pened to me occurred several years ago. One afternoon I was sitting alone in my study reading. There was no one else in the house except the tenants, who were all down stairs. I was facing a low bookcase that was filled with books tightly packed side by side on the shelves. Suddenly, one of the volumes flew out as if shot from a gun and fell with a flop on the floor at my feet. I confess I was somewhat startled. The proceeding has meaning, to say the least. I got up and examined the book shelf. The volumes, as I stated, were tightly asked one basides the transfer of the same transfer. packed one beside the other. It would have required an effort on my part to withdraw the particular book that had just come flying out so unceremoniously. I picked it up from the floor. There was nothing unusual in its appearance. But I felt so decidedly creepy-crawly that I went and sat in a other room. The book never misbehaved again, though I half expected it would. That has been my first, and I happy to say, my last experience so far with "myst

CHAINED IN A CAVERN TO DIE. Remarkable Evidence of a Prehistoric Race

Found in Colorado. In the mountains near Colorado Springs, Col., two young men have discovered a remarkable cavern. Not knowing the extent of the cavern or whither its passages might lead them, they first fastened the end of a ball of strong cord at the entrance of the corridor, to be unwound and carried along as they proceeded on the way. The floor of the corridor was of solid rock and covered with the dust of centuries. It was wide enough for two to walk abreast, with a decline of about one foot in ten, and with a decline of about one foot in ten, and from the floor arose a nui stalagmites, ranging from 8 to 14 feet high, and white as the virgin snow. The walls also reflected back the light like burnished silver. They found this chamber to be nearly 100 feet in length and about 70

in width, and as near as they could guess, 25 feet high. They had now made a circuit around the chamber, and, striking across toward the center, they were surprised to find the first positive evidence of previous occupation In the center stood a pyramid built of heav stone, rising in steps on all sides until it reached the last at a height of eight feet. Mounted on top of the last stone stood one of the most hideous, frightful-looking images that the human mind is capable of con-

eiving. Lying close to the base of the pyramid was the skeleton of what had one man of almost gigantic proportions. Around the waist was a heavy iron band, securely riveted together, and to this was fastened one end of a brass chain of peculiar work-manship about six feet in length, the remaining end firmly embedded in the solid base rock. The skeleton was in an excel-lent state of preservation. On the opposite side of the pyramid another skeleton of smaller proportions, evidently that of a female, was found chained in the same manner. At the toot of the pyramid, in the middle of one side, a small spring of ice-cold water bubbled up, discharging its surplus through a niche into a crevice in the floor. The victims had evidently been chained within sight and hearing of the rippling water, but out of reach, and left to die by starvation or thirst, or both.

THE MANIAC MILLIONAIRE.

E. J. Lehman Bets Thousands at Imaginary Fare in Bloomingdale. New York Morning Journal.] "Five thousand on the queen!" There is a moment's pause, and the same voice speaks again. "Lost! Ten thousand on the

queen!" Again a pause, longer than before, and the voice is heard once more. "Loss again! Twenty thousand on the queen. I'll win if I have to double the bets all night!" And so the gambler goes on, losing more bets upon the painted lady than there ever were painted ladies in an actual pack of cards. It is not in a gambling house that this scene takes place, but in an asylum for the insane, no other than Bloomingdale. The better sits alone, without any sign of a fare layout before him, and yet he goes on making his wagers, for all the physicians in New York could not convince him that he is not sitting before the green cloth where

he has so often sat.

The victim of the strange delusion is E. J. Lehman, one of Chicago's most widely J. Lehman, one of Chicago's most widely known business men, and a member of the World's Fair Committee. Lehman has been a constant patron of the faro banks of the Windy City, and has been more than lucky. He has often lost, of course, and his losses have been tremendous, but he has always recouped himself with still larger winnings. To drop \$30,000 at a single sitting, and win double that amount on the following night, was no unusual occurrence for the sportive Lehman.

On Thursday he arrived in this city in a

On Thursday he arrived in this city in a palace car over the New York Central Railroad. With him were a keeper, physician and nurse, and the party were met at Mott Haven by officials of the asylum, to which he was at once removed.

Mrs. Lehman has applied to the Probate
Court of Cook county for the appointment
of a conservator for the estate, which is
valued at \$2,500,000.

A Joiting on the Rail Grievously disturbs the stomachs of invalid travelers. The motion of the ship and vibration of the screw in crossing the ocean does the like for many in good health. All travelers should have, as a companion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which fortifies and regulates the stomach and bowels, counteracts hurtful influences of climate and changes of temperature, and in a sovereign remedy for malarial, rheumatic and kidney aliments. SIXTH SENSE

संभाग अंद्राता अंद्राता विद्रात विद्रात

Second Sight and Presentiment From a Scientific Standpoint.

Magician Kellar's Wonderful Experience With an Aged Hindoo.

INSTANCES OF WARNING VOICES.

[PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The opinions given below are in respons

to a series of questions directed to each of the authorities quoted concerning the gift of second sight and presentiments: Prof. Elliott Coues in his response says: I do believe in presentiments, and that they occur more frequently than is generally supposed. As a rule, they are not attended to at the time. If attended to the event in question is avoided and does not come to pass.

If neglected and then verified after the event, the scientific value of the evidence is much impaired or made worthless by the tricks which memory so often plays us. As a rule, our hindsight is more reliable than our foresight. But if time and space allowed I could give you more than one wellauthenticated case of absolute foreknowledge of an event, quite unaccountable except upon the theory of presentiment. You ask what is the most wonderful thing

that ever happened to me. Being born, I suppose; though my memory scarcely serves me here to recount my own experience. The next most wonderful thing that I have ever known to happen to another person is dying to this world, and, I trust, being born into another by a process as easy and as natural as that by which one enters the phenomenal world. But my time presses, and if you think I have been under fire long enough, let me beg you to desist, for if I should tell you all I know about everything at once, I should have to draw on my imagination for facts to satisfy the next reportorial searcher for the divine wisdom.

THE SECOND SIGHT.

Second sight is simply another name for clairvoyance, or the faculty of seeing accu-rate pictures of actual events in the astral light just as we ordinarily perceive physical objects with the bodily eye. It is spoken of in Scotland as the "sixth sense," merely as another than the five senses of ordinar sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch. It is not peculiar to Scotland, but is specially associated with that country in the minds of English-speaking people for two reasons: First, the popularity of Sir Walter Scott's novels; second, the well-known fact in psychic science, that highlands favor the deelopment of psychometrical faculties, so that a larger percentage of persons can use these faculties in high than in low countries. Another reason occurs to me. Scotland has been almost literally drenched in blood during former wars, and fresh human blood is peculiarly attractive to certain classes of sub-human creatures, as the astral elementals, whose insidious commerce with human astral bodies makes itself felt in various strange forms of obsession, with its attend-

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton says: I do not believe in presentiment as it is usually understood. In the cases that have come under my notice there has always been a strong suspicion, if not an absolute cer-tainty, of either coincidence or a perfectly reasonable chain of anticipatory events.

A MAGICIAN'S OPINIONS. Kellar, the magician, writes as follows: I

before the event actually took place or during its occurrence, although the persons who had the visions were far away from the scenes, and could have had no foreknowledge of the affair by any of the ordinary means of knowledge. I believe Joan of Arc is a most wonderful example of a person having this faculty of seeing visions and hearing voices. A very interesting work on this subject is "A Treatise on the Second Sight," by Theophilus Insulanus, published by Ruddman Auld & Co., Edinburgh, 1863. When I was in Allahabad, India, I was,

one afternoon, reclining in an easy chair at my hotel. An old Hindoo, with a long white beard, glided into my room, salaamed and entered into conversation with me. He informed me that I possessed a wonderful power, of which I knew little or nothing myself. Thinking he alluded to my feats of magic, I assured him that I possessed no power beyond that of ordinary mortals, and that any intelligent person could perform the same feats with practice and study. He said that this was not the power to which he alluded, that he knew my business was trickery and deception, but that I possessed a power with which few men were gifted that of appearing at two places at the same time.

A PECULIAR DROWSINESS. He continued for some time in this strain, until I became thoroughly bored, and hav-ing no interest in the subject which he discussed in so drawling a manner, and not wishing to offend him by excusing myself, I soon fell into a drowse. I was at first conscious that sleep was fast getting the better of me, and once or twice pinched myself to keep awake, but it was useless and I tell saleen. When I are a better the customer of the constitution of the constitution of the customer of the cust

useless and I iell asleep. When I awoke the aged Hindoo was gone. I thought nothing more of the Hindoo until I reached Delhi, when, atter a Turkish bath, for which that city is famous, I returned to my hotel. ought rest in a chair, when, to my surprise, my Allahabad friend entered the ro After passing the compliments of the day and inquiring if I was surprised at seeing him, he proceeded to foretell certain events which actually took place after.

but if so they were certainly remarkable, and I relate them to you just as they oc-curred. He told me I was going from Delhi to Calcutta, and from there to Austraiia, where, he informed me, I would be ill for a year. I told him it was easy for him to know where I was going to from Delhi, as I was already advertised in the Calcutta papers, but that he was cer-tainly mistaken about my going to Austra-lia, as I intended to go from Calcutta to China, in fact I had made all my arrangements and had written ahead to theaters in China. He still insisted that, notwith-standing this I would go to Australia from Calcutta, and after some further talk he left. I went to Calcutta, and after my engagement there I started for China, via Singapore. Whea I arrived at Singapore I re-ceived letters from China informing me that the theaters at both Hong Kong and Shanghai were engaged for three months by other parties, and that it was impossible for te to get possession of them.

THE AGED HINDOO WAS RIGHT. The AGED HINDOO WAS RIGHT.

This, of course, compelled me to change my route, and I went to Java, intending to remain there until the theaters in China could be secured. On my arrival in Java I was stricken with the Java sever and my physicians ordered me to leave the country at once and go to a colder climate. So, much against my inclination, I took the first steamer for Australia, and arriving at Melbourne I was compelled to undergo a severe surgical operation, the effects of which confined me to my bed for just one year. Upon my recovery I made a tour of Australia and New Zealand, and then went to China. Upon my arrival there, two years after I had intended to go there, I met my old friends, Harry Wicking and Colonel Australia and New Zealand, and then went to China. Upon my arrival there, two years after I had intended to go there, I met my old friends, Harry Wicking and Colonel Parnell, a brother of Charles S. Parnell. These two gentlemen insisted in all seriousness that they had seen and recognized me in China at the time I had originally intended being there, but when I was in reality sick in Australia.

pened to me? Well, on the 12th of last December, after my performance in the city of Buffalo, I repaired to my room at the Tifft House. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, which, after Mrs. Kellar and myself retired, cast a soft glow through the room, enabling us to see plainly any object. Suedenly a loud and continuous rapping took place all around the bed. This continued until our curiosity became thoroughly

tinued until our curiosity became thoroughly aroused, and my wife was not a little alarmed. As I could imagine no cause for the noises produced I, in a spirit of fun, asked: "Are there any spirits about?" when suddenly the loud rapping ceased and there were two distinct brooks as the head here were two distinct knocks on the head of the bed.

SOME WONDERFUL RAPPINGS. "I asked: "Do you wish to communicate "I asked: "Do you wish to communicate with me?" Again there were two knocks. I inquired, "What will you do for 'yes?" Again two knocks. I inquired, "What will you do for 'no?" Then one knock. I then asked, "Are you the spirit of a male friend?" One knock. I asked, "Are you the spirit of a female friend?" Two knocks. the spirit of a female friend?" Two knocks. I asked, "Do you want the alphabet?" Two knocks. I called the alphabet from A until I came to the tetter K, when suddenly there were two knocks. I repeated this process of calling the alphabet, noting the letters when the repeated when the repeated there were the calling the alphabet of the repeated the second calling the alphabet of the repeated there were the calling the alphabet of the repeated and there were the repeated and th when the rapping appeared, and there were two knocks after each of the following letters were pronounced: "K-E-L-L-A-R S-U-C-C-E-S-S R-U-L-E-R."

Then all rapping ceased. My wife and I now had our curiosity thoroughly aroused, feeling convinced that some one was concealed in the room and was playing a practical foke. I searched the room carefully, found the door bolted on the inside; the communicating room was also searched and the door connecting that room with the hall was also bolted on the inside. There was no chance for any one to be concealed in either of the rooms, as I searched every part most carefully, even going so far as to look into Mrs. Kellar's large trunk. I also care-fully examined the bed where the noises appeared, in the hope of finding some method by which the noises might have been com-municated by electricity from the outside, but utterly failed to discover any solution of the mystery. There was evidently a manifestation of an intelligent force at work, which is still to me absolutely inexplicable. TESTS ARE NOT PERMITTED.

Daniel Greenleaf Thompson writes: The Daniel Greenleaf Thompson writes: The subject of clairvoyance, or second sight, is a very mysterious one. I have known of some things told by clairvoyants which seem to me to indicate a knowledge quite inexplicable; the great difficulty, however, with all these people is their unwillingness to allow the application of scientific tests. By this unwillingness they raise against themselves a presumption of fraud which makes it impossible to count for truth their word in regard to anything. There is in the city of Brooklyn a young woman by the name of Mollie Fancher, with whom friends of mine are personally acquainted, who of mine are personally acquainted, who suffering many years from disease sees most unaccountably strange things beyond the reach of ordinary senses and the ordinary intelligence. She is an invalid, and many wonderful stories are told about her which are substantiated by clear-headed and honest citizens like Prof. Charles E. West, for ex-

ample, and many others.

But this woman is so opposed to being made a subject for investigation that she will not permit the slightest exhibition of scientific interest in her or in her case; and although it is said that she can see people and their doings who are outside of the reach of ordinary visual power, yet when Dr. Hammond proposed to give her a check for an amount exceeding \$500 if she would read the check in a sealed envelope, she declined to do so on the ground that she did not wish to be made a show of. Of course, it is imsible to do anything in such a case as this, and the only inference is one adverse

to the honesty of the party principally con-THE SIXTH SENSE ATROPHIED. Seth Pancoast answers as follows: Second sight is obtained through the subjective or esoteric state of consciousness. It results from intuitive perception. Man has two distinct sources for conscious perception; one objective, the other subjective. The former is through neutral activities; the latter through mental activities. The second sight is the sixth sense, which is completely ignored by scientists and almost emphatically by the church—consequently by the masses. The Kabbalists cultivated this sight and brought it to great perfection which enabled them not only to have access to the esoteric cosmos, but to know God and study this noumenon of the casual world Our Savior possessed this sense in a high state of cultivation, which enabled Him to perform the alleged miracles attributed to Him. If His teachings and examples had been carried out as he designed they should have been, this sense would have been resusnave been, this sense would have been resus-citated as in previous centuries, and religion would have progressed and kept pace with science. Christianity, as taught and practiced, does not meet the arguments of the age. Religious teachings are intended to develop the moral precepts of the emotions. When these become potent the subjective sense becomes awakened, and by proper training access will soon be had to the esoteric cosmos. Life on the earth was

intended for this very purpose; it's a life of spiritual probation; as much so as (etal and bryotic life is one of physical probation. I have seen this awakening of this faculty -the sixth sense-very frequently just pre-vious to death. When that state of semiunconsciousness occurs, just before the life ceases, it is followed by a sweet expression of countenance which continues after rigor mortis has occurred. Those who perceive this esoteric realization would not return to earth if the wealth of India were laid at their feet. The world does not know what it has lost by permitting this sixth sense to become spiritually atrophied.

COMMON IN NERVOUS CONSTITUTIONS. Alexander Wilder writes: Whether, with our finite powers and limited nature there can possibly be a "case of absolute and un-accountable foreknowledge of an event" I am very much disposed to question. We approximate the absolute but don't arrive at it. Yet it may be that the terms of the inonly. In such case I would consider a vivid impression on the mind, which could not be accounted for by any common explanation, as of a nature of foreknowledge. Dreams may be of this character. I would have most confidence in a presentiment or warn-ing when the individual was of frugal hab-its, sober, thoughtful, and of a sensitive nervous constitution. Jung-Stilling, Zschokk and Socrates were men of this character. have presentiments myself, both in regard to individuals and matters to be undertaken. If they are disregarded it generally proven unfortunate. Persons whom I feel to be worthy or unworthy, wholesome or un-wholesome for me to be associated with, generally prove as these sensibilities indicate; still, from habit, necessity or circumstance, or other considerations, I often pay no heed to these matters, and they pass from my mind like idle stories. Seriously, the most wonderful thing is to

live and have some reasonable conception of what it means. I think that the most wonderful providences of life are those which seem most commonplace. Yet sev-eral events have occurred to me which were more or less unusual, and yet of vital im-portance. Most of my peculiar studies were thrust upon me, as it were, without a

epigastric region: "Stand back!" Instantly
I obeyed, going backward about eight feet.
Just at that moment the broken top of the
tree, several inches in diameter, struck the
ground exactly where I had been stemping n China at the time I had originally inended being there, but when I was in realty sick in Australia.

The most wonderful thing that ever hapTHE FIRESIDE SPHINX

A Collection of Enigmatical Nots for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this depart to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.



1017-DOUBLE CROSSWORD In the "pebbles by the sea;"
In the "flowers on the lea;"
In the "beeswax of the bee;"
In the "blossoms on the tree,"
In she "Scottish river, Dee."

You ask for a poem, you give me no theme, But say "write a bright jingling rhyme;" Pil tell you of things as they are, as thy seem,

In a tale nor unique nor sublime At Westminster College four ladies played Played euchre—that innocent game:
The faculty sent them their "kindest regards,"
But suspended the girls, just the same.

Mt. Union young ladies are not so inclined— The horrible cards never touch; No girl here, we venture to say, can you find Who plays whist, or cuchre, or such.

Oh, never play cards! let the *totals* alone,
They will bring naught but shame in the end.
And then if you're caught, oh, how hard to Take, girls, the advice of a friend.

To tell the professors just how it is done, Does not pay when you've studied it well; You all know it is wrong; if you've never begun, Pay heed to the truths that we tell.

We "pass," but sometimes it is good to "assist" The friend who is forced to "turn down;" Then follow our "lead," and the count will be

When you see your opponent's renown. Never "order it up," it is better to "pass,"
And to wait for the chance that comes
"next;"
Take your three "tricks" and "win," I am done,
but alas!

I've not stuck to the words of my text. I have "tried it alone," but I got badly "left,"
For a "king" can be caught by an "ace;"
Of my stock of concert I am lately bereft,
Would my past steps I now could retrace!
H. C. Burger,

1018-TRANSPOSITION. Although in writing you're expert,
A surplus word you may insert,
And though a whole is not admired,
Yet in this case it is required;
You make it then—it is defacing. And to a mauseript disgracing: And to a mauseript disgracing: For "all can notice" it, and see That you have written carelessly. I would advise to take more heed, So that a whole you will not need.

1019-SQUARE. 1. A salivary giand. 2 A plant of the genus Ranunculus. 3. Total opposition in circum-stance. 4. The epiploon. 5. Pang. 6. Secures against a possible loss. 7. Dost regard. GWENDOLINE.

1020—ENIGMA.

There is an isle in far off seas
Where naught is found but bliss and ease,
(You may believe this if you please).
Where people all are just and pure
From selfish greed and lust secure;
Whose grocers all give honest weight,
Where man does not his neighbor hate;
Where civil service reformation
Is not demanded for the nation;
Where rival parties throw no mud,
Nor hanker for each other's blood;
Where candidates for office high
Are free from all impurity;
Where Congressmen have not the will
To pilfer from the public till,
Nor sell their influence and votes
For railroad stock or treasury notes.
Such an island in the sea
Is what I am, if such there be. 1020-ENIGMA. s what I am, if such there be Those who would learn my curious lore Must search in fiction and read more, Then they may say with cheerful smile, I know thee well, thou blissful isle.

> 1021 -NUMERICAL 1, 8, 9 you read character
> By studying the whole, dear sir ?
> 2, 7, 10, 6 the art acquired,
> Of it one is not quickly tired. One out of 5, 11, 4
> You'll find not easy to explore;
> But 1 to 5 what's difficult
> The cult's most laudable result,
> BITTER SWEET.

1022.- DOUBLE ACROSTIC. (Words of eight letters.) 1. To smoke. 2. A plant of the genus plantago, 3. To bellow in return. 4. A violet dye obtained from lickens. 5. An unmarried man. 6. Made dear. 7. To muse on. 8 An Athenian military officer. 9. A genus of plants found in North America, Including the American century. 10. To overflow, 11. A species of rose. Primals.—An eminent English preacher of the present century.

Finals.—A prominent American clergyman
Hibernia.

1023-RIDDLE. If in remote, or in the later ages, There's aught in which all womankind en-The maid of tender years or hard-work'd mother. mother,
More pressing, all admit, than any other,
What is it? Gentle reader, go to guessing
And when you find it, name this job
pressing.
J. K

1024-CHARADE. You may sometimes a first bestow As one to whom you nothing owe; Those getting to the second gain The highest rank they can attain. To call this puzzle whole would be, To praise it in a high degree.

ANSWERS.

1007—These benign souls bless and belong in Chicago. (These B 9 soles B — and B long in Chicago).
1008—Cranks, ranks.
1009—Mote, mot.
1010—Damophilus.
1011—Shin, sin.
1012—Determined.

Why will you suffer with indigestion, consti-pation, piles, torpid liver and sick headache, when a few cents will buy Hamburg Figs enough to relieve your distress at once and effect a cure in a few days? 25 cents. Dose, one fig. At all druggists, Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

A Poser!

The Soft Glow of The TEA ROSE

Is Acquired by Ladies Who Use

MEDICATED

SOLD EVERYWHERE

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER.

Cures All Diseases. All sickness is caused by disease germs, called microbes. If you are in poor health or suffer-ing from any acute or chronic disease, if your blood is in account. ing from any acute or chronic disease, it your blood is impure, you should read up on the germ theory. Our pamphlets explaining the above and giving history of the Microbe Killer are given away or mailed free to any address. Pittsburg Branch, 612 Liberty ave., Room 3, Second Vicer.

The Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., 54 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



Wolff's ACM EBlacking on his shoes, and yet he says it is the finest Dress in the world for his harness.

Change a Pine Table to Walnut. A Poplar Kitchen Press to Antique Oak. A Cane Rocker to Mahogany. See what can be done with 250, worth of PARTEL PAREUE TON THE IT.



MEDICAL. DOCTOR

S14 PENN AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA. As old residents know and back files of Pitts As old residents know and back files of Pitts-burg papers prove, is the oldest established and most prominent physician in the city, de-From respon-NO FEE UNTIL CURED NERVOUS and mental diseases, physical NERVOUS and mental diseases, physical decay, nervous deodity, lack of energy, ambition and hope, impaired memory, disordered sight, self distrust, bashfulness, dizziness, sleeplessness, pimples, eruptions, impoverished blood, failing powers, organic weakpoverished blood, failing powers, organic weakness, dyspepsia, constipation, consumption, unfitting the person for lusiness, society and marriage, permanently, safely and privately cured,
BLOOD AND SKIN diseases in all
blotches, falling hair, bones, pains, glandular,
swellings, ulcerations of tongue, mouth, throat,
ulcers, old sores, are cured for life, and blood
poisons thoroughly eradicated from the system.

IDIALOV kidney and bladder derange-

URINARY, kidney and bladder derange-catarrhal discharges, inflammation and other painful symptoms receive searching treatment, prompt relief and real cures. Dr. Whittier's life-long, extensive experience insures scientific and reliable treatment on common-sense principles. Consultation free, Patients at a distance as carefully treated as if here. Office hours 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sunday, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. only. DR. WHITTIER, \$14 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. mb8-21-Dsnuk

THE GLORY OF MAN

STATISTICS TO STATE OF THE STAT How Lost! How Regained,

KNOW THYSELF.

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Marriage or Social Relations.

Avoid unskillful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 300 pagea, royal 8vo, Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt, Price, only 31 by mail, postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEW-ELED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for this PRIZE ESSAY on NERWOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Farker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above. aul8-67-Tursuwk

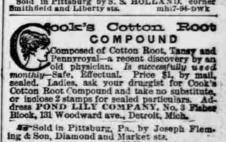
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE NERVOUS DE BILITY.

LOST VIGOR.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

Full particulars in pamphle sent free. The gendine Gray's Specific sold by drugglats only fayellow wrapper. Price, il per package, or six for fs, or by mail on receipt of price, by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Bunklo, N. Y Sold in Pittsburg by S. S. HULLAND, corner smithfield and Liberty sts.

Mhi7-94-DWk



se26-23-TTSUWKEOWK TO WEAK MEN
Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early
decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will
send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full
particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A
spiendid medical work: should be read by every
man who is necrosis and doblished.

WEAK WOMEN! SAVE YOURSELVES. NERVE BEANS, the great restorer, will cure weak back, take away that gloomy, tired feeling, that nervous exhaustion, put roses in your cheeks, brighten your cycs, give you see link, ambition, appetite, make you tentaid more attractive. Accessingly harmone, absolutely sure. It has, postpaid. Six boxes, 54, Pamphiet (sealed) from Address Nerre Bean Co., Bushin, N. Y. At Joseph Fleming & Son's, 422 Market St.